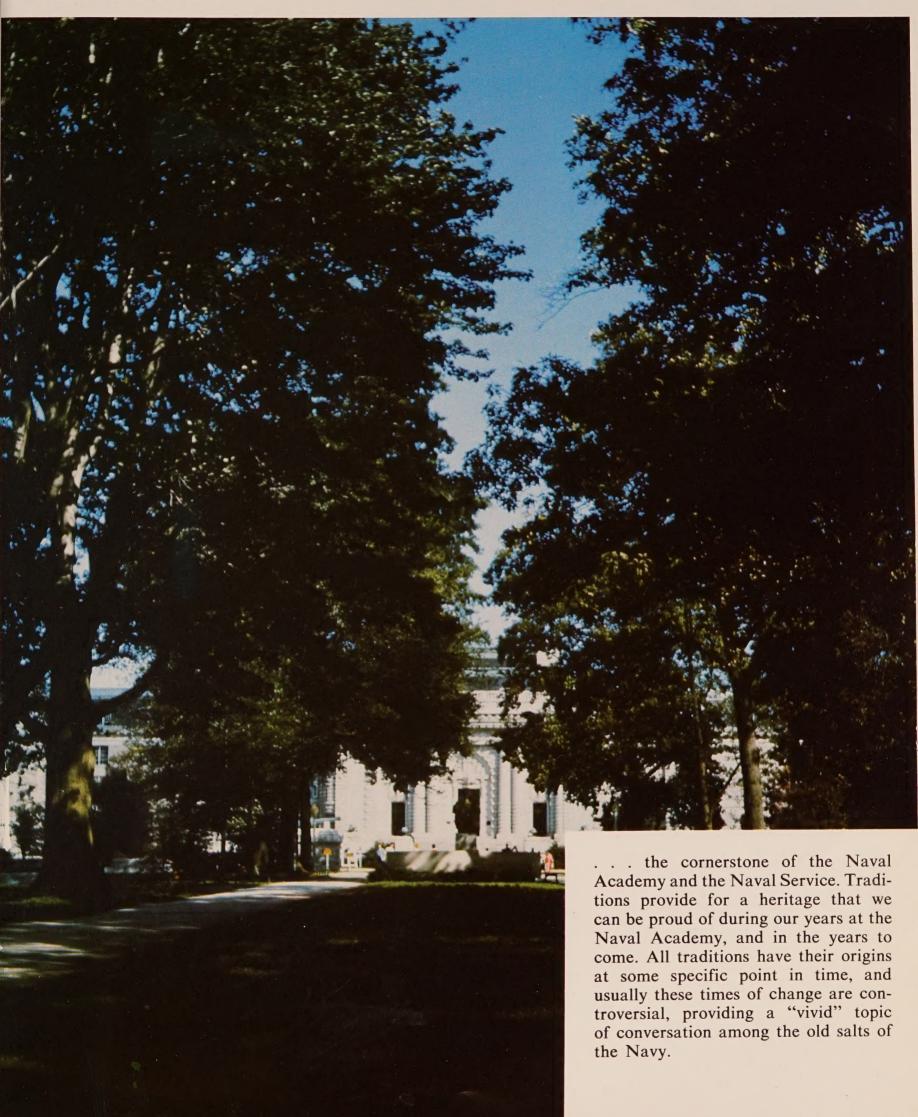


Archive, U.S. Neval Academy

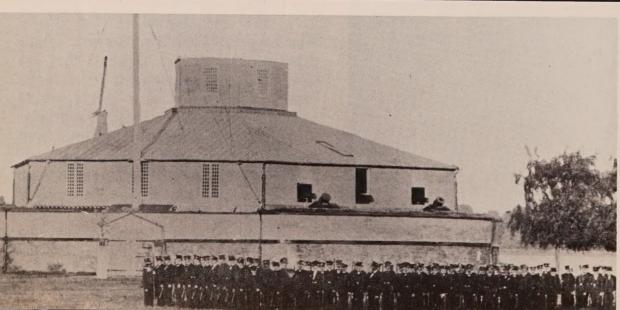




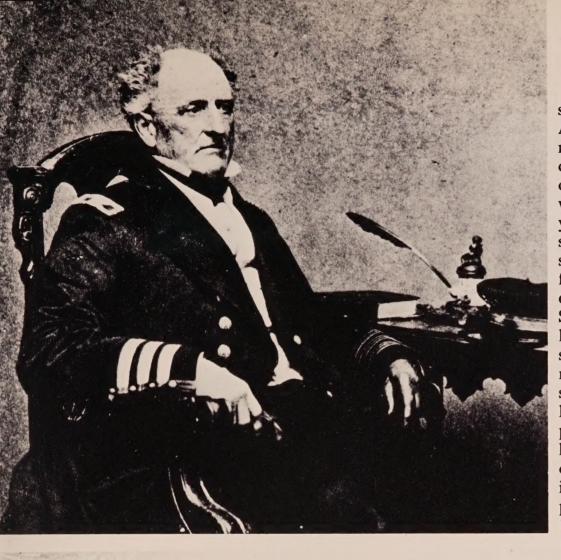
TRADITION . . .







"The want of a Naval School
... Corresponding with the
Military Academy at West Point,
for the formation of scientific
and accomplished Officers."
John Q. Adams, 1826



Take for example the establishment of a school for the training of Naval Officers. As of 1813, midshipmen served as a regular member of a ships crew, and after a period of apprenticeship, were promoted to become officers of the line. Each ships' Captain was responsible for the education of these young men, which left a great deal to be desired for standardization of training. This system worked well it seemed for those officers who had risen thereby, and they were disgruntled by the very thought of a Naval School. In the words of Naval Academy historian Thomas G. Ford, on the task assigned to the first Superintendent, "Commander (Franklin) Buchanan well understood that the experiment entrusted to his hands was opposed to the traditions and practices of his own day, and that it was looked upon with mistrust by almost all old officers." Thus the first period of change in the Naval Academy's history occured prior to its official establishment on October 10, 1845.









In itself, the Naval Academy has acquired many traditions and customs in its 134 years, which provide the color and enthusiasm we have come to know. Who knows why, when the Brigade used to ride the trains to the Army-Navy game, they pulled the window shades down each time they passed through Baltimore? Or how and when did it become a midshipman's duty to collect a kiss from the person who would don their cap? Mysteries such as these might just remain as such forever.

Though it did not mean the loss a traditional event, changing the title of June Week to Commissioning Week was indeed necessary, due to the shifted academic year which now ends in May. And on the subject of Commissioning Week, what about the traditional Color Parade and Color Girl? Both the Color Parade and Girl were established in 1871 to increase the midshipmen competency in drill, by Captain Samuel P. Carter, then the Commandant of Midshipmen. On the day of the parade, the midshipmen would drill before a group of judges who selected the best company, and then the Color Girl would present the award. The first such winner was "C" company and the first Color Girl was Grace Worden, daughter of RADM John L. Worden, who was then the Superintendent.

'June Week' Falls By The Wayside

ANNAPOLIS, Md. (AP) — Another tradition has gone by the boards at the U.S. Naval academy. No longer will the graduation parades, parties and ceremonies be known as June Week.

The new title announced by academy officials Monday is Commissioning Week.

The reason for the name change was simple. Because of the revised a c a d e m i c schedule put into effect this year, classes now end in May, and June Week falls in May and not in June.

Rear Adm. William P. Lawrence, superintendent of the academy, said Monday that the new title "places proper emphasis on the single purpose of this institution — to graduate and commission professional officers in the naval service."







INDUCTION DAY, 1845

The government, in affording you and opportunity of acquiring an education so important to the accomplishment of a Naval Officer, has bestowed on you all an incalculable benefit. But few, if any, men in service, have had the advantage that you are about to receive.

Commander Buchanan, Oct 10, 1845

The heritage of the Naval Academy rests not so much on the traditions which abide within its walls, but in those men who have gone forth to become leaders in all aspects of our country's endeavors. These persons, by their dedication and perseverence, bring a great credit to this institution. For of what use is this Academy if the graduates it produces do not rise to the top of the ladder, or strive to obtain such a goal.

"To prepare midshipmen morally, mentally and physically to be professional officers in the Naval Service," such is the mission of the Naval Academy. A corollary to this mission has proven to be that Naval Academy graduates will assume a leadership role in the civilian world when they retire from active duty. Neither statement mentions that they must be male or female, black or white, but that they will assume a leadership role, and be professional in every aspect. The issue is not that the Class of 1979 is all male, or that the Class of 1980 is the first to graduate women, but that as the Navy and the Nation change, the Naval Academy too must alter itself to meet the needs of both. True, the traditional all male class will be no more, but traditional Naval Academy graduates will still be heading to the fleet.



"A thousand youths, of as many minds, have been brought together to be molded into one professional cast and one professional principle of duty." Elihu S. Riley, 1907





and in keeping with an 85 year tradition of our own . . .

The Class of 1979 Proudly Presents Its Edition of the

LUCKY BAG

the annual publication of the Brigade of Midshipmen

Editor-in-Chief — Grant B. Thornton Associate Editor — William H. Meader Business Manager — Gregory R. Reinhardt Photography Editor — Edward J. Mitenius

Section Editors

The Class of '79

Seniors

Chain of Command

Sports

Extracurricular Activities

Chronology
Advertisers
Section Dividers
Photographic Assistant

Paul L. Darring

David M. Rogers Geoffrey S. McFather

Gary A. Stahl

William H. Meader

James R. Grabe

Richard C. Warner

John R. Gause

Ronald H. V. Kim

Edward F. McGinn Mark A. Kunarik

Gregory R. Reinhardt

Lawrence R. McGuire

Jvars V. Jkstrums

Officer Representatives 76-77 L

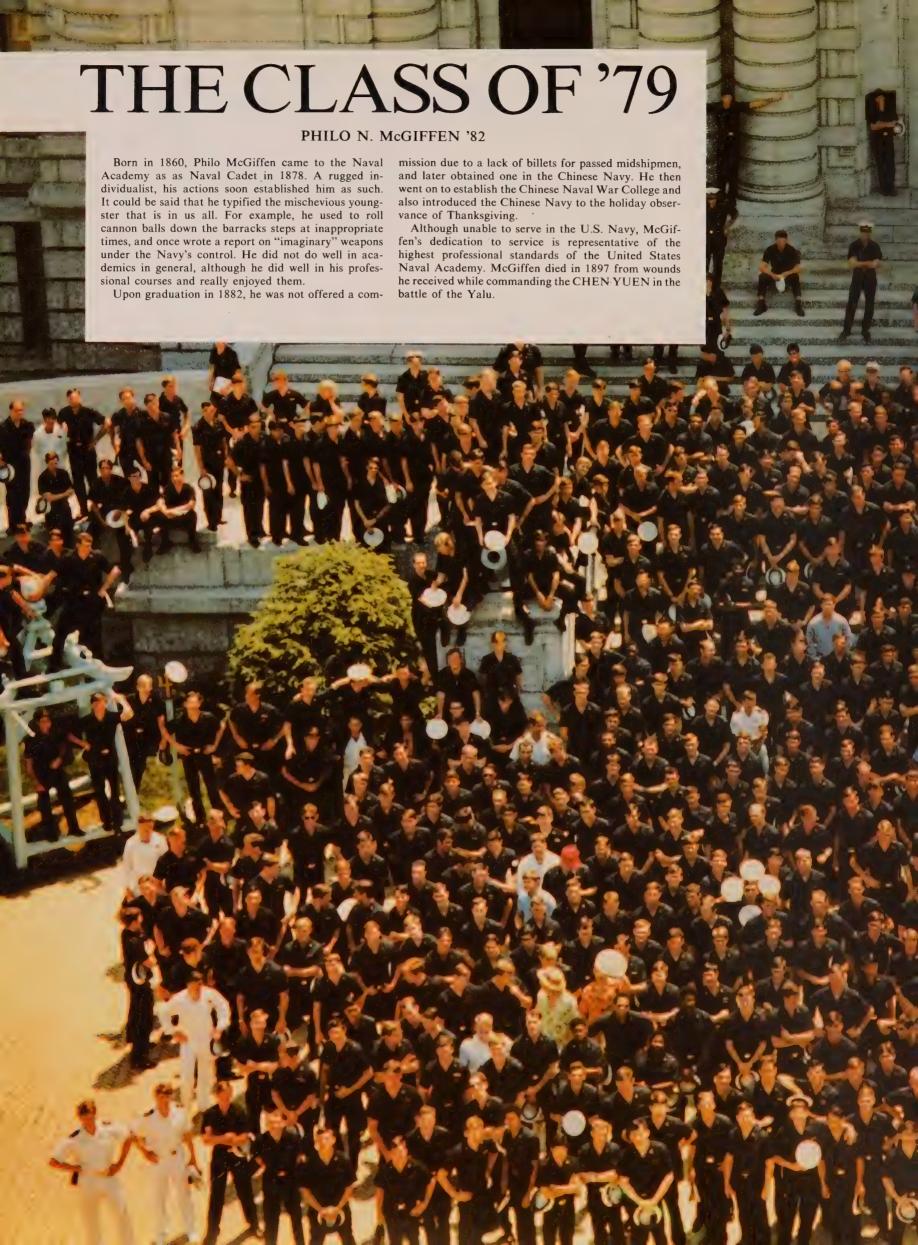
76-77 LCDR R.L. Caplinger, USN 78-79 LT R.G. Plank, USN

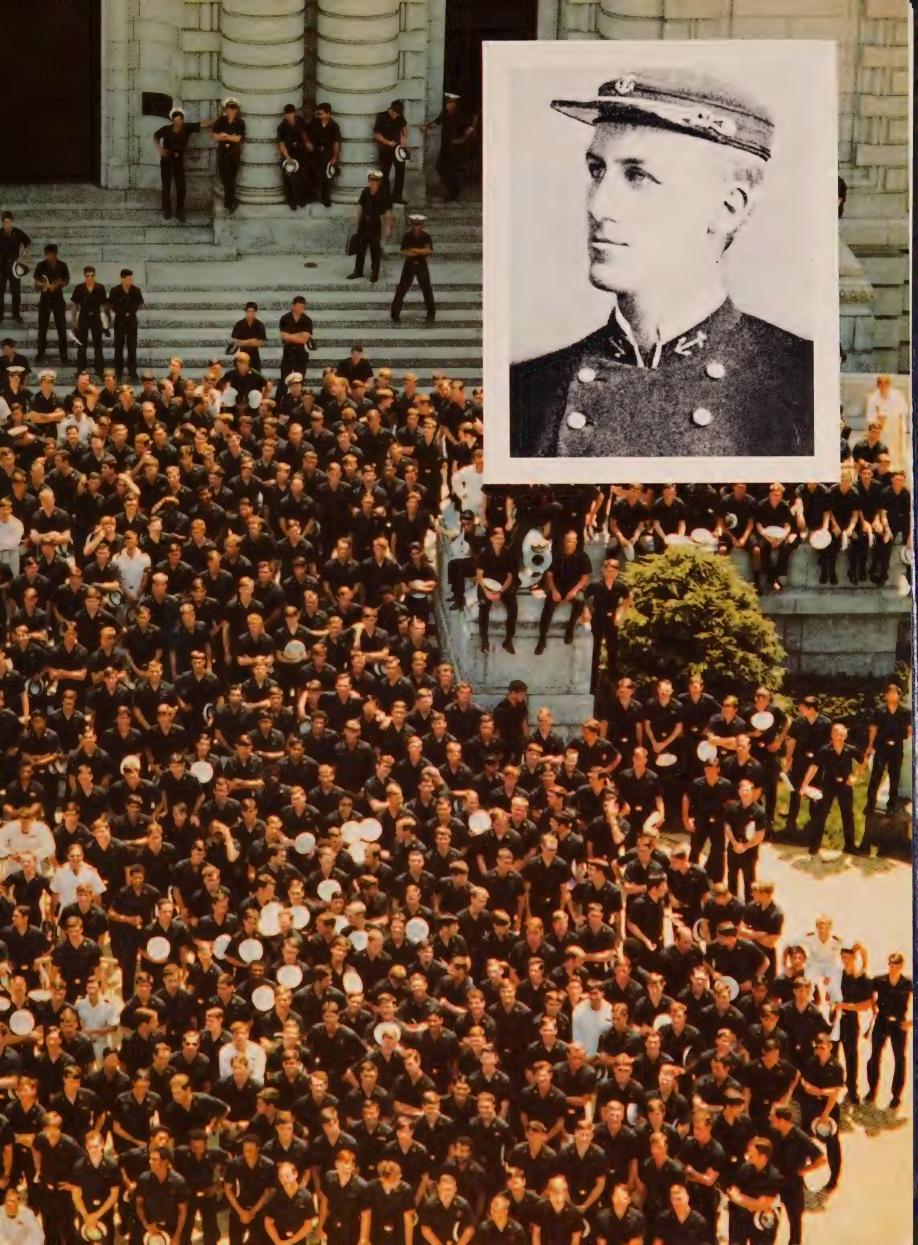
This, the 87th edition of the Lucky Bag is dedicated to the Officers and Enlisted of the United States Navy and Marine Corps who have given us the heritage we pride ourselves in.

.... as a tribute to these persons, we have highlighted each of the seven sections with a Naval Academy graduate who in his own way, has left a mark on the Academy, the Nation, or the world. As we, the Class of 1979, step into the fleet to assume our own position of responsibility and leadership, we only hope that we can contribute as much to the nation as those who have gone before.

INDEX

The Class of '79	10
Seniors	68
Chain of Command	394
Sports	484
ÉCA's	606
Chronology	650
Advertisers	708
Index-Class of 1979	740



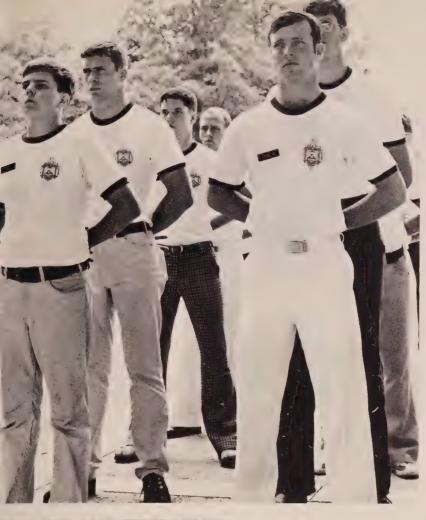


INDUCTION DAY









Permit me to introduce myself. I am O.M. Nesviri, the Spirit of '79, and this is my story about the Class of 1979. You might say I am a part of every young man that graduated, and a little bit of all those who didn't make it to May 30th, 1979.

I came to be July 7, 1975 as the class reported for induction. I came from just about every place you could imagine in the United States and around the world. It was a lonely feeling, walking through that gate for the first time. They knew their life was about to change, but had no idea how drastic it would be.

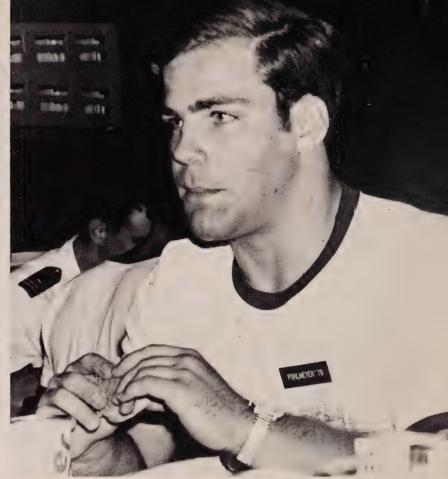
Many men came together to become one, and immediately there was a feeling of unity, even with those who had not yet reported. They were all in for the same excitement, the same discipline. As they started on their first day as a class, we soon became well acquainted with each other.



















Some brought long hair, and the haircuts were ragged that day as they passed through the doors of Navy. It seemed those barbers butchered their hair all their four years as midshipmen, forcing some to the midnight barbers of Bancroft.

That first meal, a cold sub and some brownies, with some firstie telling them that the things they took for granted were now privileges they could not usurp. Elbows did not belong on tables, backs on chairs, and eyes did not belong out of the boat! What was this guy talking about? In the words of one 79'er, "I knew the Navy had ships, but I hadn't seen one all day!" He, along with his classmates were soon to learn.

They they formed up and marched to a place where they came together and were united as one. Capt. Forbes gave the oath and Vadm. Mack some words of wisdom. He said they were about to embark on four years of hard work, toil, and sweat, and though battered along the way, would emerge ready to serve their country. A challenge indeed.



"I, having been appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without and mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So help me God."







They took the oath and sang the Blue and Gold for the first of many times.

Now time to say goodbye, it was tough for some and harder for the rest. No personal contact with family, friends, or the outside world for the next two months. Many must have thought it a foolish thing to do, but if they were to be Naval Officers, it had to be done. So they were anxious to get started, for it would end that much sooner. And they began.















Those hot days of July and August. I don't think I have been so tired for so long in all my days. Excuse me, I should say the Class had not been so tired, for I had only been around since the 7th of July. They worked hard, and were proud of their accomplishments. They took pride in themselves, their class, and in the Naval Academy. They knew that they must be ready to answer the call, and not fail when it came. For those of you who never had to memorize them, I cite the fifth Law of the Navy:

On the strength of one link in the cable, Dependent the might of the chain. Who knows when thou may'st be tested? So live that thou bearest the strain!

A chain they formed, strong at every link, and they were to be equal to the task.

When the day for the field meet arrived, the class was psyched, for it signalled the end of the summer, and Parent's Weekend, with all its enjoyment would soon be theirs.

I don't think those girls knew too much about softball, but I heard no one complain.













When the Brigade returned, things got tough. No longer was it a question of 12 plebes against 1 firstie, but rather 3 upperclass against 1 plebe! It was to be a long year with many ups and downs. Mostly downs. Those guys had a typical plebe load of 18 hours a semester, but that didn't include a 3 hour no credit course entitled "The Plebe Professional Program". Their upperclass expected them to get 110% on each pro-test, and that meant studying about 4 hours a week extra. But plebes are plebes, and it was all part of the game.

Like I said, plebes are plebes, and '79 had its share of antics. They were probably the last class to endure an entire season of football rumbles, oops, I mean pep rallies, the night before each game. They also saw to it the A-4 and F-4 still got their underway hours. I think those jets have seen more action since coming to Navy than they saw in the fleet.

The year passed quickly though and they soon had only one more task to attempt: HERNDON. '76 did it up right, and without the dry run scheduled for the night before, they attempted the climb. They got close a couple of times early on, but I helped to bolster their confidence and enthusiasm, and together we made it in just under an hour, a modern day record which, after observing this years performance, might stand a long time.



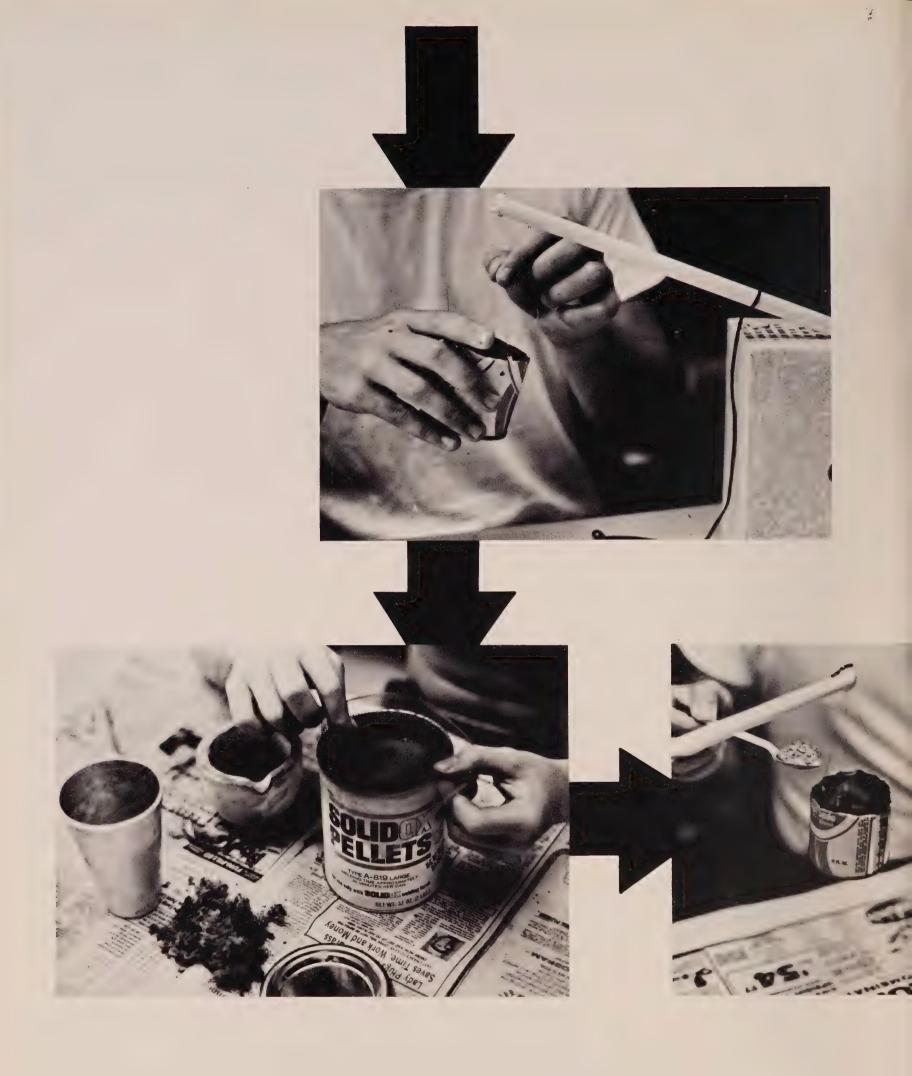




Having gained so much professional know-ledge, '79 anxiously awaited their chance to show the fleet what they knew. Armed with dungaree shirts and utility trou, these mis-matched youngsters left for some high seas adventure. How 'bout all those exotic ports; Charleston, Little Creek, Mayport, not to mention those around the world like Naples and Subic Bay. An interesting time indeed, and many took advantage of the opportunity to learn, travel and enjoy. Others, sad to say, let the opportunity take advantage of them.









Sporting that fancy slanted stripe, and the experience of the real Navy under their belt, '79 was reunited in the arms of Bancroft for another year of fun and excitement. You can see here that one youngster got a little hands on demolition training during the summer of '76, and tried to see if he could apply some at the 'ole Alma Matter.

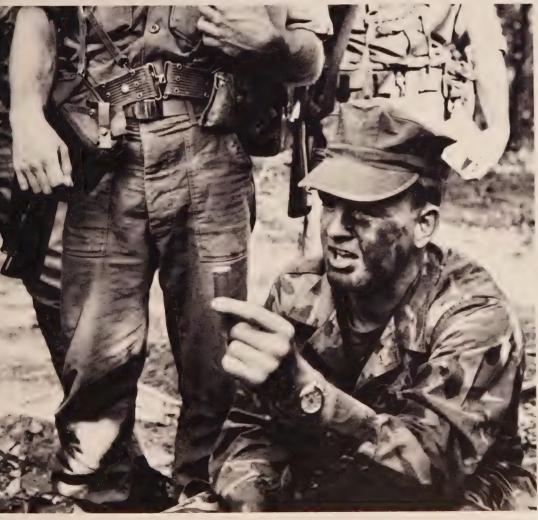
Compared to plebe year, youngster year was cake. The academics were about the same, but now without all those "plebe" responsibilities, life just seemed to be so much easier. 'Tis a shame that too many took it too lightly, and wound up talking to the 'Supe at the long green table.

The year also brought the feminie touch to Navy, thus dubbing '79 as the last all male class to enter USNA. I would have said graduate, but they were still a long three years from tossing their caps, and alot could have happened between then and now. They saw their way through that year, and soon found themselves embarked on the cruise to top all cruises, NS 300 and Protramid '77.

























For myself, cruising the Chesapeake with the ships of the Naval Academy Defense Force wasn't bad, mostly because I never ended up smelling like a drum of diesel fuel, or had to battle the bay squalls with a broken radar, but I felt for those 79'ers! I also never had to worry about not finishing as "E" boat and having to take the final at journey's end.

I really enjoyed Protramid too, and I could see that the guys had alot better time as well. They got to do many nifty things like picking ticks off their bodies and playing grunt in Quantico. Those marines did it up right, and I was amazed how they always got it to rain on the evening of the night attack each week. There was also Newport where they told '79 they would be treated like officers in every respect, and New London, where they finally did. Each stop had its own lures, parties and good times to sway a person to their side. After all, what could be more appealing then a three day sub cruise, complete with movies and a continuous flow of ice cream!

And then there was P-cola with its beaches, girls, suntans, and a chance to check out the friendly skies of Navy. They were very cooperative toward the Class of '79 and everyone was given a chance to fly both jets and helos, with of course the approval of mother nature. There were no holds barred, and they could take up just about anything that wasn't nailed down. One guy even tried to check out in a fancy blue one, and was quite taken when they informed him he was in the wrong hanger and had to fly



this one instead.



Segundo year brought '79 many new responsibilities as they finally had bought into the Naval Academy, and were committed for the entire program. I saw alot of guys jump out in that summer, and felt my strength ebb every time one did. But for all that remained, I was renewed by their professionalism and dedication, and knew that they were the real Class of 1979.

They got their first real shot at the helm in October when the Bus Drivers from Colorado came to town. '79 showed themselves well, and they were commended for it. They even picked up a victory on the foot of Bob Tata, which proved to be the only Service Academy victory for Navy that year, as '79 witnessed its only loss in football to Army.

As June Week approached, each man awaited his chance to don for good that ring of gold. They had sweated long and hard, and finally their turn came.









Ring Dance, Class of 1979





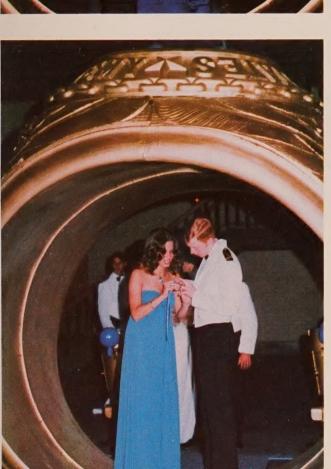






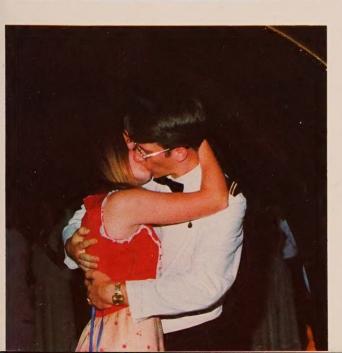


For most it was the chance to receive the ring and a kiss from their favorite companion. But for some, they gave a ring in return.











Ring Dance brought not only the passing of Second Class year for '79, but also the passing of their time as a follower, for they now had command. They were to set the goals, and the sights for the Brigade to acheive. '82 found that they were knowledgeable and understood the system well. From day one they marched and drilled the plebes, and told them of the school known as the Naval Academy. Not a civilian college or to be mistaken for one, but an institution to be proud of.

